Two seeds took ground close to each other at the bottom of a gently sloping hill. Over the years, they grew to a point where, underground, their roots touched. Emboldened by a shared sense of togetherness, they reached for the higher, blue air in the sky.

Very soon their branches joined to form a bridge across the very same sky they both loved.

During dry times, they shared water. When the wind blew fiercely, they held each other fast.

Young people came and ate food between them; cuddling together against one of their sturdy trunks after the meal, hugging and kissing. Sometimes these young people would carve their initials in the shape of a heart before they left.

The trees didn't mind. They considered those marks a love tattoo - the letters didn't matter, only the shape. The shape of a heart.

On the other side of the hill, a single seed also took root. It had no other tree close enough to touch by root or branch. Alone, this tree learned fast that every inch of growth would be a struggle. It would have to horde water; and to be careful not to blossom too soon for fear of the winds eager to use its own foliage to rip it out by the roots.

This tree, too, craved sky - but not for any pretty blue ideal. No, this tree needed rainwater and knew the best way to catch it was with a high canopy. So, it grew, carefully, slowly, as tall as it could while still feeling safe.

No young lovers ever visited this tree. The grass around its trunk was sparse because, to gather more water, this tree pushed its roots out of the ground in great, ropy veins. It was not a pleasant place to sit and relax under this tree.

Occasionally young boys would come around, kicking the wood and snapping off low branches. These boys would smack the tree's trunk with its own limbs and then, if they had a knife, carve a few profanities in the bark.

The tree didn't mind. It considered those scars an appropriate expression. "Yeah," the tree thought. "Fuck you, too."